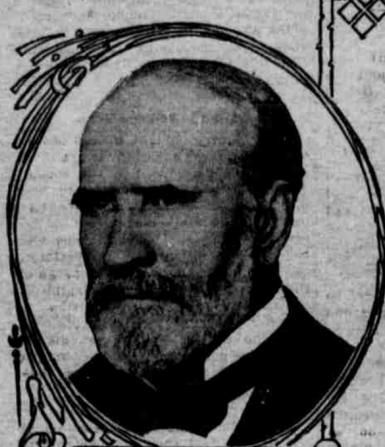


The Diversions of the Cabinet Officers

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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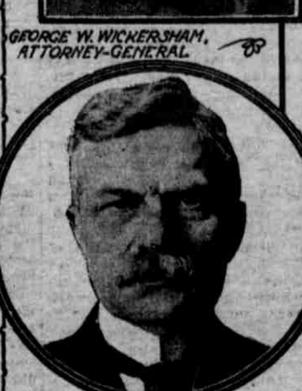
R. C. KNOX, SECRETARY OF STATE, MAKING A DRIVE



JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



JACOB M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR



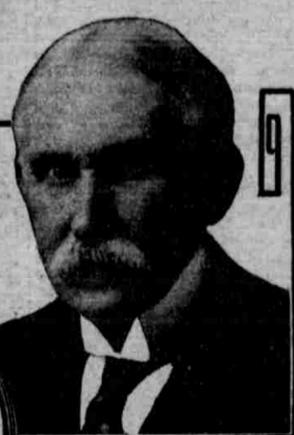
GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, ATTORNEY-GENERAL



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, POSTMASTER-GENERAL

as one of the legal lights of the United States.

If an account were kept it seems likely that the visits paid to the White House by George W. Wickersham, the attorney general, would be found to outnumber those paid by any other cabinet official. Mr. Wickersham is in charge of the prosecution of the law breakers which the government is carrying forward, and the attorney general knows, as the country knows, that the legal opinion of the president is worth while. Mr. Wickersham, when he was first mentioned for a



FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

cabinet position was called by the press of the country "the great unknown." Mr. Wickersham is no longer unknown. His position as the attorney for the United States in all its civil and criminal proceedings keeps him constantly in the light.

The attorney general looks like a student. Lawyers say of him that he has one of the keenest and most analytical minds known to the profession. Mr. Wickersham cares very little for the outdoor life and perhaps he is a man who by temperament would not have appealed in the least to a president like Theodore Roosevelt, but the attorney general has diversions which occupy his leisure hours, and they are diversions of which, unquestionably the country will approve. He is interested in the welfare of at least a dozen charitable organizations and one of his beliefs is that "He gives twice who gives quickly." Mr. Wickersham is immensely interested in the welfare of the blind. He is a director of a great New York institution which cares for and educates children who have lost their sight.

Frank H. Hitchcock, who is Mr. Taft's postmaster general, is a bachelor, devoted to the outdoor life, a lover of birds and beasts and a student of nearly every branch of natural history. Not only is the postmaster general a student of nature, but he has done an immense amount of work along scientific lines.

Three years ago last summer the writer of this article went to Oyster Bay, the home of President Roosevelt. Mr. Hitchcock was there also, and several hours were spent in his company in the grounds outlying the former president's home. There is a deep wood just beyond the Roosevelt lawn and garden, and from the wood on that summer day there came constantly, songs of birds, many different species singing one after the other. Many of the notes that were heard were those of different members of the little warbler family, birds whose notes are so similar that it is impossible for any except the most sensitive ear to differentiate between them. Mr. Hitchcock identified one bird after another simply by hearing its song. Once on a time the postmaster general classified 10,000 birds for a museum of natural history with which he was connected. One of the ties between the present postmaster general and former President Roosevelt was their common love of nature.

Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger has few diversions except that of golf. Mr. Ballinger was born in Iowa 50 years ago, and nearly all his life has been spent in some part of the west.

When James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, was asked once what his diversion was he answered, "farming." This idea of diversion is one that is held largely by men who combine the love of nature with agricultural instinct.

One of Mr. Wilson's diversions is story telling. They say in Washington that if his homely sayings could be gathered and put into a book, the reader would get a fund of humor and wisdom combined.

When Charles Nagel, Mr. Taft's secretary of commerce and labor, is not engaged in the work of his department he is thinking over matters of education and art. Mr. Nagel is to some extent a devotee of the outdoor life, but he is prone to giving much of his time to the study of matters pertaining to the schools.

Taking Mr. Taft's cabinet all in all it is just about as human a body of men as can be gathered together. There is an impression prevalent that the members of this Washington official family are rather of what Walter Scott calls, "the-dry-as-dust" material, but there has been a misunderstanding apparently concerning the nature of these advisers of the president. They know their law and they know their agriculture and their finance, but while they know how to study they also know how to play, but not one of them knows how to play one whit better than does their chief, who is about as jolly a man personally as the United States has yet produced.

WHEN WELLINGTON PLAYED FATE

By PHILIP KEAN

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"Is this Barnes of Bloomington?" asked the lady in silver gray.

"I am Barnes of Bloomington," to the silver vision in the chair.

"It is a rather singular errand upon which I have come," said the lady with hesitation.

"Kindly state it, madam," I said, for I am no waster of words.

I drew a chair to the other side of my desk and sat down. As I did it, something soft flopped down on my foot. I looked and found that it was the tail of a dog. He was a thoroughbred from his head to his feet, and he looked up at me from under the desk with bright eager eyes.

"Is that your dog?" I asked.

"Yes," said the lady in silver gray, "and it is with him that my errand is connected."

"You see," she went on, "I am Mrs. Carter—Mrs. Dabney Carter. I am separated from my husband." Her voice trembled. "I do not think I need to tell you the reasons of that separation, Mr. Barnes. It is sufficient to tell you that his offense was unforgivable, and my decision to see no more of him irrevocable."

Her tone had grown high and excited, and I soothed her by complete acquiescence. "Certainly, Mrs. Carter. He, no doubt, deserves your anger."

She looked at me doubtfully. "Well, he acted dreadfully," she said, "but he is a gentleman."

"And the dog?" I suggested, to get her back to the subject.

"Yes, the dog. He is Wellington II, son of Wellington I, the champion. Dick—Mr. Carter, gave him to me the first year we were married. We are both devoted to dogs—devoted, and Wellington was the dearest puppy."

"I can imagine it."

"Well, of course, we both pelted Wellington—awfully. He walked and

drove with us everywhere and we had such lovely times."

"Yes?"

"Then came the trouble, and after that I took Wellington with me in the mornings when I walked, and Mr. Carter took him for drives in the afternoon in his trap. Then came our separation, and the question was, who should take Wellington. Dick wanted him, and I wanted him, and Wellington wanted both of us. I must say that Dick was very nice about it. 'You take him, Jean,' he said, 'I gave him to you and he is really yours by right of prior possession.'"

"That was very generous," I admitted.

"Yes, but you see the trouble is that Wellington doesn't see it that way. Every evening he goes down to the club for Dick. Then he comes to me and puts his paws on my knee and looks so wistful that I can't bear it. Her lips trembled.

"And then it is most embarrassing. Now and then we meet Mr. Carter, and we could pass with a mere bow of civility, but Wellington rushes back and forth and barks and we have to stop for the sake of appearances."

I interrupted her. I could not see just what I had to do with these intimate details. "And you wanted me?" I asked.

Mrs. Carter stood up and leaned over the desk. Her silver gray furs swept across my papers and her big muff lay like a light cloud on my blotter. The fragrance of violets at her belt pervaded the atmosphere. Her voice was supplicating; her face pleaded.

"Please, dear Mr. Barnes, everybody knows that you like dogs—that's the reason I want to trust Wellington to you."

And so I became possessed of a blooded bull pup. At first I endured him for Mrs. Carter's sake, but gradually he wormed himself into my affections, and in six months we were inseparable.

But he was still true to his first loves. When Dick Carter's red car rounded a corner Wellington would be after it like a flash, and if we even entered the shopping district I would miss my dog, to find him comfortably curled up on the seat of the electric coupe of his former mistress.

They were not a happy-looking pair

—these young people—and it seemed a pity that they should not be getting out of life all there is in it. I said as much to Mrs. Carter as I rescued her one day from Wellington's caresses.

"But—I—I couldn't forgive him," she said.

"Why not?"

"He said I'd have to ask his pardon—and I never begged any one's pardon in my life."

"Hum—was it your fault?"

"Get in and I'll tell you."

It was a sad little tale of a proud woman's rebellion against a man's masterfulness.

"Why shouldn't he concede things?" was her demand.

It was on a crisp October evening that the little drama was finally played out. Mrs. Carter called me up by telephone.

"I want to borrow Wellington," she said. "It's my second girl's evening out and the cook's mother is ill, so I'll be alone—and I thought Wellington might keep me from feeling afraid."

I took the dog over and left them together by the roaring fire in the library. Mrs. Carter was looking especially attractive in a clinging white gown with a bunch of violets in her belt.

When I reached home again I was lonely. I missed Wellington—and I missed more than that. I seemed to feel, for the first time, my great need of a home—a wife—a woman like Mrs. Carter.

But in spite of their separation she still belonged to Dick. I had gradually conceived a great affection for the young fellow who held his head so proudly and hid the pain in his heart. I decided to go to him for the evening. I found him in a mood for talking. And when I told where I had left Wellington, he confided to me the story of his disagreement with his wife.

"She was wrong," he said. "A man can't give in always."

"But if he loves her," I said, "isn't it worth while?"

"I—I did make a concession," he confessed. "I wrote to her a day or two ago, and—and I told her that if she would send me any token—a bunch of violets—a ribbon—anything—I would accept it in lieu of a personal apology."

"She is proud. She will never send you even a violet in apology."

But even as I said it, there was a patter of steps in the hall, and a familiar whine at the door.

"It's Wellington," Dick said.

"Hello—" he began and stopped short, and I, turning in my chair to know the reason of his sudden silence, saw the big dog, his head held high, a bunch of violets held tightly in his jaw. And even as I looked he dropped the flowers at his master's feet.

Dick snatched them up quickly. "Barnes," he cried, triumphantly, "she has sent them. Jean has sent them."

Wellington barked as if he knew he was the carrier of good tidings.

"I must go to her," Carter said, and away he went, and I sat there with only Wellington for company and thought of their happiness and of my lonely life.

Well, they made it up and lived happily ever after.

"I didn't send him the violets," Jean told me, long after. "They dropped from my belt, and Wellington played with them, and all at once he took them in his mouth and bolted through the open window, and I laughed a little and forgot it entirely until Dick came back with the violets in his hand and his face radiant—and, of course, I had to give in then, dear Barnes of Bloomington."

Wellington divides his time now between the Carter residence and my bachelor apartment, and he divides his heart among four persons instead of three, for there is a little Jean with eyes like her mother's, whose gentle affection for old Barnes of Bloomington fills with joy my quiet days.

Edison's Practical Joke.

Edison, the great inventor, was always a great practical joker. One night when a lazy operator in the office in which he was employed thought his day's work was over, and was getting ready to go home, Edison slipped around to the switchboard, made a connection with the weary Willie's telegraph key, called him down to the table and, supplied with an old newspaper, proceeded to send him a bundle of presumably Associated Press stuff from New York. Edison was a lightning sender, as well as receiver, from almost the beginning of his career, and the way he made that fellow work for two solid hours was a joy. After tiring him out completely, making him receive and copy the equivalent of about three or four newspaper columns, Edison suddenly came from behind the switchboard, exposed the joke to the poor fellow and wound up by pelting him with the newspaper from which he had been sending the messages.

Avoiding Trouble.

Some women say that the only way to get along with a man is to believe all he tells you even when you know it isn't true.

Self-Communion.

Be able to be alone.—Browne.

THE members of President Taft's cabinet have a new room in which to meet, and it is so located that they have complete privacy not only on the days when the cabinet is in session, but when, as department chiefs,

they wish to talk with the president without being obliged to wait their turns with senators, representatives and the private citizens of the land, who under the new arrangement are given a waiting room of their own.

Mr. Taft's cabinet forms what might be called a legal family. Most of the members are lawyers of the first rank, and it is an open secret that they were selected because of their high ability. There are no longer books on nature and books on general history subjects in the office library of the White House. New book shelves have been put in and on them are hundreds of the brownish-red covered volumes which between the law book. It is said that cabinet meetings these days take on the semblance of a consultation of lawyers. As an example of this it may be said that one day the president in talking to some newspaper correspondents said that no matter what subject was broached in the cabinet room at that time the thoughts of everyone went from the suggested subject to the matter of the strengthening of the anti-trust laws.

What the president said at that time is practically true of most of the present sessions of the cabinet, for it is known that while Mr. Taft is anxious to carry out the Roosevelt policies, he wants to buttress them with the law so that no constitutional flaws can be found in them by means of which after the best intentions on the part of the legislators, the guilty might find a means of escape.

It must not be supposed for an instant that because most of Mr. Taft's cabinet members are lawyers, they have no avocations in life to turn them aside frequently from their vocations. Take the ranking member of the cabinet for instance, Philander Chase Knox. The secretary of state is a devotee of the outdoor life, and is no less active in open air pursuits than was President Roosevelt, though it is true that Mr. Knox does not care for the pursuit of game nor for the study of natural history.

The secretary of state, when he is not discussing matters with the president, or is not engaged in straightening out international tangles, is either playing golf or driving a pair of fast, spirited horses. There are few more ardent lovers of "the noble horse" than Secretary Knox. He rides occasionally and he is not averse to taking a five-bar red gate if his mount is a jumper, and if the gate happens in his way. The secretary's chief delight is driving. On his Pennsylvania farm near Valley Forge, the scene of the awful winter which was passed by the continental army under George Washington, Mr. Knox has many horses of approved pedigree, and many dairy animals also of noted forbears.

Franklin MacVeagh, the secretary of the treasury, who is the second ranking officer in Mr. Taft's cabinet, is a merchant, although in early days he studied law. Mr. MacVeagh is not given particularly to the strenuous life as it is viewed generally. He is much of a walker and has a love of nature which leads him afield on many a ramble, but for games, and for shooting, the secretary cares little.

Up near Dublin, New Hampshire, the treasury chief has a country home and there on the rocky

rock-bound hills of the north. Mr. MacVeagh has profited by the reading and while his garden perhaps is not equal to that planned and cultivated by Mrs. Thomas, it contains many of the flowers of the kind that make pleasant what people are given to call old fashioned gardens.

Mr. Taft consults his treasury chief about economies in government. It was Mr. MacVeagh who was asked as soon as Mr. Taft took office, to provide ways and means to save money in the different departments. The merchant cabinet member had the advantage of a long business training, and it did not take him long to discover that it was possible to save many thousands of dollars by putting business methods in effect in the different bureaus of government. It was found for instance, that a good many bureaus of the departments were in the habit of purchasing their supplies independently. The result of this was that some of them were paying much more money for some articles than was being paid by others. Reform in purchase methods has come and it has come also in many other lines, the net result being that Uncle Sam's pocketbook is being saved a good many thousands of dollars yearly.

Jacob M. Dickinson, the secretary of war in Mr. Taft's cabinet, is a southern man and a Democrat. It may seem a little curious at first thought, but it is a fact that the army officers in the main, are glad that a southerner is the chief of the war department. Despite the attitude of some Democratic southern members of congress on army questions generally, the southerners feel kindly toward the officers and men of the service. There is something in the military life that appeals to them, and while the official southern Democrats generally are outspoken against what they call the danger of a great standing army, the military establishment as it is has their sympathy always, and their support frequently.

The secretary of war comes from that section of the country where everybody loves horses, and he is no exception to the rule. He is a golf player also, and this fact perhaps makes him appeal to Mr. Taft's sympathies just as much as does the fact that the secretary is a great lawyer. Secretary Dickinson is not serving in Washington in an official capacity for the first time. Years ago he was the assistant attorney general during the last 24 months of the Cleveland administration, and he was counsel for the government afterward in the matter of the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute.

When the president has a particularly knotty problem in legislation on hand and needs to study it from a legal standpoint, he goes over it himself first, just as a judge on the bench does with submitted evidence, forms his own opinion, and then calls in the "supreme court" of his cabinet which is composed of the great lawyers, Knox, Dickinson, Wickersham, Nagel and Ballinger. It is possible that Mr. Taft depends just as much upon the legal opinion of his secretary of war as he does upon that of his attorney general. At any rate the war secretary is accounted by Mr. Taft